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MONDAY MORNING, JULY 28, 1919

How much easier it is to be gen-
erous than just! Men are sometimes
bountiful who are not honest.

—Junius.

The Verde Water Bond Election

While 342 voters are not many in comparison with the whole number of voters in Phoenix it was a greater outpouring than had ever been witnessed at a Phoenix bond election. Though a great deal of interest had been aroused in the Verde water supply project it was not expected by those familiar with the general attitude of the people in elections in which there are no candidates to be voted for, that so many votes would be cast. But greater popular interest had been awakened in this proposition and notwithstanding the absence of so many voters from the city, and the heat of a mid-summer day, there was a very satisfactory expression.

It was predicted by The Republican that the bonds would carry by more than 20 to 1. The actual ratio was a little less than 25 to 1.

The bond buyers, seeing this ratio will feel that there is a good deal of sentiment behind the bonds and will be the more inclined to invest in them. They will take into account also that in questions of this kind, the negative is apt to be pretty fully expressed. If a man has objection to a bond issue he is very likely to go to the trouble of saying so whereas many of those who favor such issues habitually give their consent by silence.

Anyway, we have voted the bonds and in less than two years the sparkling waters of the Verde will be pouring into Phoenix through more than 25,000 faucets. We have taken the most important step yet taken toward a Greater Phoenix. We will take many more now that would not have been taken but for this one.

The Testimony at Douglas

It was generally understood that among the nearly 1200 men who were deported from Bisbee on July 12, 1917, were many, probably a large majority, who were not members of the I. W. W. That has been most vigorously claimed by those who have condemned the deportation, and some of the deporters have stated that developments that day forced them to include in the shipment to Columbus, New Mexico, many persons who had not been marked to leave the city for the city's good.

These persons had not been known to the deporters as members of the I. W. W. but in the round up they manifested so great and even militant sympathy with the disturbers that it was deemed advisable to send them along so that they could administer sympathy at first hand.

We have been interested, however, in the proceedings at Douglas in the prosecution by the state of the deporters. All the witnesses so far called have either proudly proclaimed themselves as members or former members of the I. W. W. or else have admitted their endorsement of I. W. W. doctrines. Some of the witnesses have testified without shame that it was their purpose to curtail the production of copper of which just at that time the government was so much in need. One was in favor of reducing the hours of labor to a minimum. He was impatient of the moderation of the plans of his associates for arriving at the minimum. They wanted first the six-hour day, then the four-hour day and after they had accustomed their employers to that, the two-hour day, long enough for any man to work. This witness was opposed to procrastination. He wanted to cut out the intermediate steps and go to the two-hour day at once.

So far as we know there has appeared no witness who has disclaimed sympathy with the things for which the I. W. W. of Bisbee stood previous to that fateful July 12—the things that provoked the deportation.

If this line of testimony is followed in the trial court, presuming that the defendant deporters are held for trial, the prosecution will not get very far. It will soon cease to be a trial of the defendants. I. W. W.ism will be the defendant and the issue will be whether it should not be rooted out of every community. When the question has been so reduced, we hardly think an American jury will be found which would not answer it in the affirmative.

Such testimony as is being brought out at Douglas is not only destroying the state's case but is imperiling the civil suits for damages now pending.

Going to the Country

The president, though he will probably make a journey across the continent, will not likely carry out his program he announced on his return from Europe of appealing from the senate to the people in the matter of the League of Nations. The controversy will probably be settled by an agreement between the president and the senate, perhaps not quite satisfactory to the former but so nearly so as to leave no issue in which the people could be awakened to interest.

We may pass over the inconsistency of the course the president had proposed, with our scheme of representative government. It smacked too much of the proposal of Mr. Bryan one time to leave even such matters as the declaration of war to a plebiscite. If this program should be generally adopted the legislative branch of the government would be shorn

of all responsibility and power.

What we set out to do was to show that those who have gone to the people have almost invariably encountered disaster. We may begin with President Andrew Johnson's famous "swing around the circle" when he was ostensibly seeking popular support in his bitter fight with congress, but was really beginning a campaign for the democratic presidential nomination in 1868. The president returned to the White House with diminished strength. Four years later Horace Greely, a touring candidate, was crushingly defeated.

Thereafter candidates for presidential nominations, or presidential nominees, remained at home in dignified seclusion until 1884, when Mr. Blaine stumped the country. Blaine was no doubt the most popular candidate ever before the country. There was never one before and never since, at the time of his nomination who had such an enthusiastic following. Wherever he went immense cheering throngs from a half dozen states gathered. No candidate before or since had ever brought out such concourses of people. Those who witnessed these demonstrations believed that he could not fail to carry every northern state. Meanwhile his opponent, practically unknown, remained at home. He had been a sheriff and had hanged a man; a sordid scandal had unjustly attached to him; by a fluke he had been nominated and elected governor of New York.

Yet he was elected to the presidency. Mr. Blaine barely carried the state of Ohio where he was especially popular. He lost New York by less than 1200 votes. No one could put his finger on a mistake he had made anywhere in his tour. A single unfortunate incident during his visit to New York, not by any fault of his own cost him that state. But everywhere Mr. Blaine had been there was a greatly reduced vote. If he had remained at home and especially, if he had stayed away from New York he would certainly have been elected.

There was no more presidential campaigning until 1896, when Mr. Bryan toured the country. Mr. McKinley remained in seclusion at Canton courteously receiving only such delegations as made his home a Mecca. There was a peculiar condition that year that would almost certainly have defeated Mr. McKinley if he had gone to the people.

No doubt a very large majority of the voters, those who thought less deeply, favored if not free silver, as Mr. Bryan advocated it, some concession to silver. The republican convention had adroitly back fired with bi-metalism. Mr. McKinley would never have publicly supported that fallacy and he could not have done it without exposing it to the view of the densest voter who would immediately have turned to Mr. Bryan.

In 1904 both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan toured the country. We may omit mention of the probability that Mr. Roosevelt would have beaten any other candidate on any terms; and the fact that ordinary rules never applied to him. In 1908, Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan were on even terms so far as concerns their going to the people. The campaign of 1912 of course can be compared with no other in this respect. But in 1916, if Mr. Hughes had remained at home; or if he had kept himself outside the fatal state of California he would now be president.

We wonder that candidates for the presidency take such risks of disaster as befell Mr. Blaine and Mr. Hughes. What a presidential candidate can possibly gain is so small in comparison with the risks he must run. He can see at the best but a very small part of the people of any state. Assuming that his presence has had an influence upon his audiences, and it could not be an overwhelming influence, no more influence has been exerted upon the thousands who did not see him than could have been exerted from his home 3000 miles away. In fact, to the average man, the presidential candidate in persons is usually less impressive than the presidential candidate in imagination.

We will suppose that President Wilson should carry out his program of going to the country. No doubt there would follow from every state heated petitions to the senate to yield to the president. But the senators would not be moved. They would perceive in the first place that the petitioners at most represent a negligible part of their constituencies; they would know that a majority of the signers are of the president's own party; they would also know that every numerous signed petition bears the names of many persons who do not care much about the issue one way or the other. Lastly, every senator already knows more about the sentiment of his constituents than he could learn from thousands of petitions and form telegrams.

On a tour of this sort the president would be as likely to provoke antagonisms, that would cause apathy to break to his disadvantage, as he would be to stir it into active support.

Taking history and circumstances together, we have a paraphrase of the old reactionary argument against equal suffrage "The president or the presidential candidate's place is the home."

SABBATH MEDITATION

Beautiful Sabbath, the Father hath made.
Beautiful whether in sunshine or shade.
Precious the memories that round thee cling,
Thoughts pure and holy each time thou dost bring.

Stately, with stepplings, so vast and so grand,
In forests of pine, or deserts of sand.
No matter if skies are deepest of blue,
Or thunder be rolling and dark be the view.

Our Father, we thank thee, for this day in seven,
When our thoughts are thee, and our loved ones in heaven.
Thy presence more closely, it seems to reveal,
The earth scars and hurts, it surely does heal.

Then, help us, our Father, as each one rolls by,
To trust Thee more fully, on Thy word to rely.
May we show unto others, how great is Thy love,
Until we shall rest in the Sabbath above.

MRS. W. C. MILLER.

Pine Crest Cottage,
Iron Springs, Arizona.
July 23, 1919.

BREATH OF THE MORNING

As that exquisite aroma
Penetrates my morning coma,
So it sniffs across the country from Penobscot to
Point Loma:

And there's many a fume I favor,
Many a taste and tang and flavor.
Yes, I know that public speakers,
Pharisees and Battle Creekers
Have reported, and exhorted us to shun its brimming
beakers.

And I've heard that there's a reason
In and out of every season,
But by old Saint Patrick Henry! make the most of
this, my treason.

For forever and forever
Someone always seems to sever
My few and paltry pleasures and appears to think it's
clever.

So although I own it's sinful,
Let me have another tiffin!
It's a dope, a drug, a danger! All right! let me have
a skin full!

SWATTING THE DIVORCE BUG KISSES KILL HIM QUICK

BY JUDGE THOS. F. GRAHAM
(San Francisco Divorce Judge Known
as "Great Reconciler," and America's
Leading "Heart" Specialist.)

Kisses—not those fluffy confections
you buy at the bakery, but the soul
exhilarating touch
of lips—are the
natural enemies of
"divorcitis."

Given and received in moderate
quantities and with a degree of regu-
larity based only upon one's hours
of work and play, kisses will usually
vanquish whatever divorce germs may
be prowling through the system of a
husband or wife, and re-establish a
state of marital health.

For instance: You and your mate
may have quarreled over some com-
paratively trivial matter the night be-
fore. You have argued yourselves off
to sleep and, in the mind of one or
the other of you, the maggot of
"divorcitis" has begun to propagate.

You awake in the morning, slightly
ashamed of yourselves for "rowling"
but too proud or stubborn to admit it.
Breakfast is a grim affair.

Now! Just before leaving for work,
what if you slipped over to where
your wife was wearily "redding" the
table, or your husband silently clam-
bering into his coat, and relieve the
strain with a kiss?

Not just a perfunctory peck, you
understand—but a real, honest-to-
gracious kiss, preferably accompany-
ing it with your arm around her waist
or his shoulder.

Pouff! The life of that nasty little
divorce-bug, which will surely cause
you untold suffering and misery if he
is allowed to endure, will be ex-
tinguished in a flash.

Explanations, apologies and com-
plete understanding will follow. Hus-
band, finally will go down the street
whistling on his way to work and wife,
with a new joy and a new resolve in
her heart, will whisk the dishes into
the kitchen to the lilt of a song.

No convalescence is more rapid nor
ecstatic than that following such
cleansing of the soul.
I once wrote a little jingle singing
the praises of that "morning kiss"
which was printed in some widely
throughout the United States. I re-
ceived many letters thanking me for
the suggestion. I also received a few
which pooh-poohed the idea. "A Married
Woman Who Knows" sent me the
following query:

When Henry comes home at half-past
ten.



Don't let him go away in the morning with anger or worry in his heart.
Sneak up behind him and end the quarrel with a kiss. This is Judge Gra-
ham's advice to young Mrs. Wife in his second article on "Divorcitis and
its antidotes. Other helpful hints will be printed in these columns from
day to day.

(Henry my darling hubby?)
Smelling of garlic and cloves again.
("My, but his beard is stubby!")
And says he was out to see a sick
friend who would surely miss him;
That stall is as old as arithmetic—
What should I do, Judge—kiss him?

When Henry comes home at half-past
two.

(Henry, my darling hubby?)
After spending the night with cards
and "brew."
Down at his cozy clubby—
When he trips with a thump over
seven chairs.
(Never been known to miss 'em)
What should I do when he gets up-
stairs?
Fall on his neck and kiss him?

I'll admit that is somewhat of a
stumper. Osculations, possibly, might
not be in order that night. Quietly

getting the "old man" to bed and ap-
plying a few cold cloths to his ach-
ing brow would probably be much
more efficacious, although prohibition
has pretty well solved that problem.
But the morning kiss is going to do
much more good than a tongue-lash-
ing. "Henry," if he is worth having
at all, is already so overwhelmed with
remorse for his conduct that a tongue-
lashing only makes him additionally
unhappy or positively rebellious.

Kiss him, stubby beard and all, and
let him see that you still have faith in
him and love him. Later on, talk to
him sincerely about his actions. Take
my word for it, he will appreciate your
self-restraint, and there will be no case
of "divorcitis" following his misstep.
Morning kisses will cut the work of
the divorce courts in half and double
your portion of wedded bliss. Try
them!
(More Tomorrow)

Katherine had made, perhaps in ac-
cordance with changes she herself had
suggested. But of course, we couldn't
be positive.

Bob reported—and everybody went
down to the train to see him off—ex-
cept me—who hadn't any excuse for
going.
"Life isn't real! What actually
happens is much more tragic than
fiction," I typed off as I pictured the
family at the station—and Bob's wife
left at home.

Daddy might fume—and write—and
long-distance—and wire—but the or-
der stood. So daddy set about to get
Bob's discharge. It would take a long
time, there would be considerable red
tape to unwind.

Now that Bob was east, my own
horizon enlarged and I remembered
something else about the east.

The ex-kaiser's jewels, or part of
them, had been sent over here in a
submarine the summer before the
armistice was signed, and they had
been sunk, somewhere off the Atlantic
coast. "Somewhere" was not a thous-
and miles from Bob's hospital!

"Chrys!" I called out as my hus-
band's twin passed the office door one
afternoon. "Chrys! Let's go east!"

"All right, my dear! Next week
say?" Chrys came in and spread a let-
ter on the desk before me. "You see
I've got to order my trousseau!"

I glanced at the writing. I knew it
well. I spoke before I took thought.
"Not that man, Chrys! Never!"
(To Be Continued)

The Picture Show

(By William Sparks)

The pictures flash upon the screen
Then fade like mists away.
But bring to memory like a dream.
A long forgotten day.
The music through the darkened room
Swells trembling on the air,
While shadows come from out the
gloom
And grow to visions fair
That dim the screen's swift pantomime
And though mine eyes alone
Can see their radiant colors shine
They swiftly bear me home.

Back to my childhood's laughing
hours,
Back when the world was young.
Back to the sunshine and the showers
When life had just begun.

My barefoot friends of long ago,
A joyous dancing throng,
Come as the music soft and low
Precedes a singer's song.
And as her swelling stanzas rise
Once more with them I roam
Beneath the sunlit azure skies
Above my childhood's home.
Then in the dark and silent room,
I scent the fragrant flowers
We trampled in their helpless bloom
In those sweet transient hours.

I see the school, and playground near,
And in the romping crowd
A girl with eyes so blue and clear
I almost call aloud.
And, as I look, her beckoning hand
Waves through the dim lit years
To bid me join that happy band
Who greet me with their cheers.
But from their play I turn away,
Nor heed their treble tears,
To walk with Nell that summer day,
In those far distant years.

The hand of time has scattered wide
That gay and chattering band;
And some live in the height of pride—
Great statesmen of our land—
And some sail on the seven seas,
And some have died in war,
And some have vanished like the
breeze
That leaves no stain or scar.
My hands have garnered some of
wealth,
Some fame has found my brow,
And greying hair and worldly pelf
Bring friends around me now.

And yet I'd give it all to be
With blue-eyed Nell again.
And hear those voices blithe and free
Recall each taunting name
They called us as we marched away
Beneath the locusts' bloom.
And left them to their noisy play
That summer afternoon.
I'd give it all once more to feel
Her touch upon my hand,
And hear her silvery laughter peal
Defiance to that band.

Confessions of a Bride

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Bob is Ordered to an Eastern Hospital
and Fate Renews Her Tricks

We had come to the verge of a
miracle, and Miss Miller had ruined it.
She knew of the experiment, and its
importance, and yet deliberately, she
had blocked my chance to snap Bob's
mental gears into place. From sheer
jealousy of me she had hurt Bob! But
I loved him so that I would have sur-
rendered him, even to her, for the sake
of restoring him to a normal exist-
ence!

Of course Bob had to help her walk
back to the house. It was a long slow
trip. A storm was coming up. The
magic of the moonlight died away. I
trailed along behind. Miss Miller
seemed closely, if not heavily, upon Bob
and I raged inwardly. Bob helped her
up stairs to her room, he half carried
her, while I looked on.

I went up to Chrys's room and told
her all about it, and cried for my own
comfort. And Chrys was tempestuous
because, as she said:

"It's always the weak who rule the
strong! She's a sham and we have
brains to see it, and yet, because we're
ladies, we simply can't say and tell her
we see through her camouflage!"
"My father used to say that the

course of our school code is that the
truthful tell the liar's imposture upon
them," I wailed. "It's true—this pro-
ves it, for me," I wailed.

"See Germany!" was Chrys's com-
ment. "And now what?"
"Mark time, I guess," said I.
And we had to, for a few days, be-
cause Bob relapsed into mental con-
fusion, but he was so quiet that he
seemed only dull. It was depressing—
as if the smart flare-up of memory had
exhausted him.

Miss Miller remained in her room
nursing her sick ankle. She bandaged
it herself. She insisted because she had
the trained nurse's method. She did
not require either a doctor or an at-
tendant.

She wrote out the reports of Bob's
case herself and sent them off to the
army doctors. Formerly I had typed
them for her, in my capacity of sec-
retary to Mr. Lorimer.

Miss Miller had not returned to her
orbit. Bob had scarcely regained a
little tone, when lightning from a clear
sky paralyzed the household.

A wire from headquarters ordered
Bob to report at once.
Chrys and I agreed it was in conse-
quence of the reports that gentle

EVERETT TRUE

BY CONDO



CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO SOME OTHER
CANDY SHOP? THIS CHAP IN HERE
OPENS THE PAPER BAGS
BY BLOWING
INTO THEM!!!

Have It Repaired!

Just because some little thing goes wrong with one of the many little
articles or utensils you use in your household or business constitutes no
good reason for throwing it away. Much saving can be effected by
sending it to a good repair man. "A stitch in time saves nine." These
are practical truths. Have it repaired.

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